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Revolution



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Chapter 1 by Skydiving Donut

None of this was meant to burn.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



But burn it did, and so quickly...

I remember where I was when this all started. When America collapsed in on itself. Greed, corruption, and political mishandling of the nation brought it's collapse. We became a third world nation over night when China called in its debt. But that's all history now. We could have lived through that, maybe even rebuilt.

But then Russia invaded. It was hard to blame them, the war in the middle east had erupted like wild fire, Europe burned and now the United Islamic Caliphate was knocking on Russia's door. They weren't just conquering so much as they were fleeing. The former U.S.A. seemed a good place, across the ocean. We still had infrastructure, farms, natural resources. What they were after was also our salvation. To preserve the infrastructure that had gone easy on the initial bombings. Many survived, some like me... we fought. No we are still fighting.

I am Lt. Charles Rush and I am the Resistance.

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and if you are hearing this message, then you are the Resistance too.

Chapter 3 by Andrew Hartmann



An armored vehicle surrounded by weapon wielding officers whip around the corner, pointing their weapons to the crowd.

A few of the faces in the crowd were part of the resistance. Hiding makeshift weapons and shanks under their jackets. As the officers moved in on the crowd, the resistance members drew their weapons. One of them lunges out out of the crowd and pierces an officer into the heart with a broken bottle.

The other, still living, officers open fired at the crowd. As the civilians started to drop, more resistance members started taking out officers. The air was filled with the sound of bullet shots and the cracking of officer bones. One resistance member ran around smashing enemy skulls with a metal baseball bat. An officer on the vehicle shoots it out of his unsuspecting hands. He then dives at him and knocks him clear off the vehicle and onto the ground on the other side.

The officer hit hard. He was out of breath and lost his gun on the fall. As they both got up they locked into hand to hand combat. The officer threw several heavy blows but the resistance member was too fast. Dodging every move the officer could throw he grabbed the officer's throat lifted him up and slammed him into the ground and stomped on his skull to finish him off.

The last couple enemies were held up in the vehicle. The resistance member that just won the brawl pulls out a frag grenade from his jacket and tosses it into the little hatch at the top of the vehicle. As he walks away, the grenade explodes and the vehicle goes with it.

The other resistance members looked at him wide eyed. "Who are you?" one of them asked.

"Call me Axle."

Chapter 4 by Andrew Hartmann



One of the other resistance members started to talk over a walky talky he pulled out of his pocket, "Hey Charles, you might want to meet this guy." This was responded by a blurred out voice from the other end.

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Axle walked around and checked the fallen officers for any weapons, ammunition, or cash. After plucking a few things he turned to the other resistance members. "Take me to the leader of this district."

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"You must be new to this one." One of the men says to Axle.

"I've been around, but never to this trash heap. Who runs the resistance in this district?"

"His name is Lt. Charles, he's held up in an office building downtown with the rest of the resistance."

Axle turns away from the men and starts walking towards downtown. He looks down and sees a fallen resistance member. Eyes still open. He crouches down and uses two fingers to close them. He then picks up a machete that was on the man's belt. Axle wipes some blood off it with a rag then proceeds to grab the sheath.

As Axle walks off in the distance, the remaining resistance members watch him in envy. Where did this stranger receive his training? Wherever it was, his skill were needed to win the revolution. Off Axle went, to find Lt. Charles.

Chapter 5 by LethalPianist



The resistance was at the last end of it's legs. They were holed up in a old office building that apparently sold shoes. Nike, it was called. How ironic that this was one of their biggest defeats. Their casualties approaching 80%, the main force was starting to run out of ammo. The Russians had carbon nanofiber armor, and it ricocheted the resistance bullets back towards them. Lt. Charles Rush was cornered. He desperately ordered his men to retreat to the back storage room. The emergency exit was blocked. It was the end of the line.

"Throw the grenade!" The lieutenant yelled. One of the soldiers pulled the pin and the explosive went tumbling into the foyer, and exploded. The screams of dying Russians filled the room. That was the last grenade. They knew the Russians would eventually come in. They had stalled them with the frag, but nobody knew for how long.

Then the screams began. Someone was attacking from the outside. The Russians yelled. "**Бот дерьмо!**"s filled the air. One of the soldiers risked a peek inside of the chaos. It was a single man, and he wielded a razor sharp machete. He shredded through the Russian forces and

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No one knew how to respond. How could one man do so much carnage? And they way he looked. This was his atmosphere, his game. The lieutenant, recovering from the shock, immediately signed him up, giving him whatever supplies were on hand, which was basically none.

Working their way out of the store, the Resistance force spread out, slowly making their way down the street, using anything for cover, even bodies. They stripped all functional suits of armor and ammunition, which was much needed. Everyone breathed a collective sigh of relief.

"Mr. Mortman, you're a lifesa-

"I didn't do this for any of you." His sudden interjection rung with warning, as if he's telling the lieutenant that he'd do something drastic if the conversation were resumed. Everyone took a deep breath and continued in silence. The fog was starting to clear.

A wall of tanks stood watch, immobile but engines roaring. A hatch opened, and a soldier peered out, pointing and screaming something. All of the tanks moved forwards as one, all bearing down on the resistance.

Chapter 7 by GeneralSh



The tanks were giant. Massive. The mechanical roar of their engines was only blocked out by their treads.

By their treads.

Treads. That's it.

"Sir, I need the grenades!" I called out to the lieutenant, who unsurprisingly started arguing bitterly. I ended up forcefully taking them, and lay out my trap. Machine gun fire pinged off the wall next to me; I've been spotted! I run back to the line, inwardly smiling.

"You've doomed us all you Killed the Resistance!" One of the fighters went for my throat, mad with fear. Alex Mortman pulled him off and pointed at the tanks.

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safe cover, the ground behind us. One of the cars we used as forward exploded, killing nearly a dozen of us. that leaves forty. Against hundreds, if not thousands. But the tanks were ours. We opened each hatch one by one, killing the crew inside. We managed to repair two of the tank treads, but only the lieutenant knew how to drive and shoot, so we scrapped the others for cover, ammo and shelter. We camped for the night, tending to our own injuries. Our medic was killed back in the shop.

Chapter 8 by Narcissistic Prince



The heavy boom of artillery fire droned through the night. We lied there in our new found havens, bloodied and broken. but breathing.

"If not for us, then who for?", I muttered. Peering across our close quarters I could see his dark eyes look up through tangled hair, annoyed by my question.

"Does it matter? I'm here."

"When you share such a lovely home with someone, you like to know a bit about them.", I replied with a unconvincing smile; obviously battle worn and unused to such defiance.

"Nobody.. I'm here to fight. Is that okay with you? Lieutenant.", he said reluctantly. Hugging his machete in his arms, gaze fixed on the floor.

He was young, maybe mid 20s, his hair was a frayed and matted brown, his eyes dark and cold.

"I suppose that's a fair enough reason.", I replied, attempting to conclude the awkward conversation. The rumble of war backing the whole scene.

"Uhh.. What's the status on our other out posts in the area, Sir?", asked one of my men.

"Still haven't reported, must be busy with the enemy."

"Are they set up just past the south bridge, the old linley tower?", I saw the stranger look up, interested.

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"We should all get some rest", I said to the men. God knows we needed it.

the end

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